

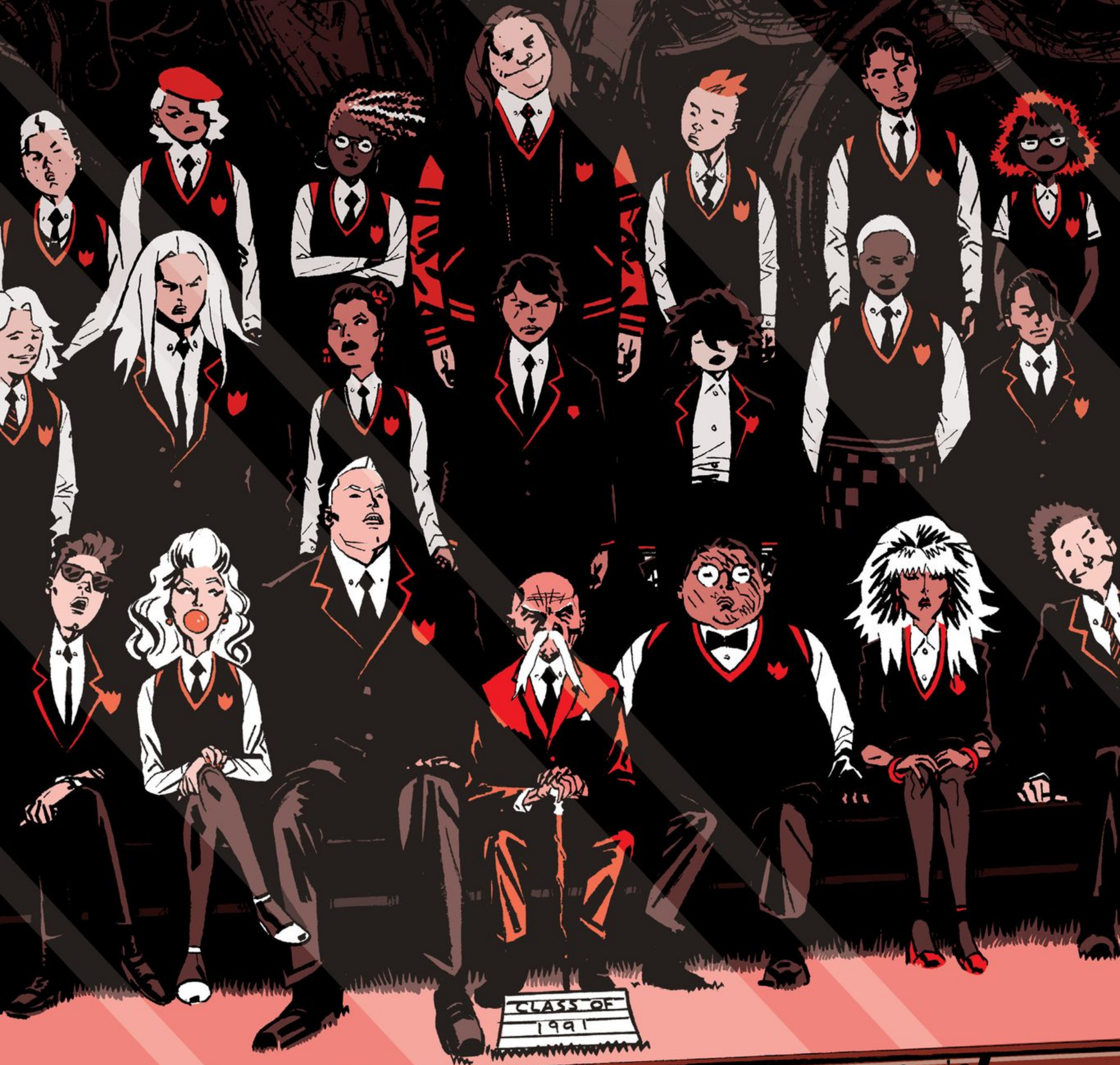
REMENDER • CRAIG • BOYD



41
1989

DEADLY CLASS

BONE MACHINE
PART 2



WES CRAIG! 19



The Story So Far...

When homeless orphan Marcus Lopez joined Kings Dominion Atelier of the Deadly Arts, he knew his trials were just beginning. And now, after a deadly Freshman year and a short-lived taste of the good life on the beach in Mexico, he and Maria are back on campus and living large as the new power couple, each enjoying their own newfound status—Marcus as a Legacy, and Maria as the new head of the notorious Soto Vatos gang.

But even for Legacies, Kings Dominion is no bed of roses. People change, alliances shift. Petra, for example, had even more secrets than anyone knew, and Helmut’s quest to avenge her has taken him straight off the edge of the map. And it seems Saya’s reemergence was not an entirely happy occasion...

RICK REMENDER • Writer
WES CRAIG • Artist
JORDAN BOYD • Colorist
RUS WOOTON • Letterer
BRIAH SKELLY • Editor
ERIKA SCHNATZ • Production

DEADLY CLASS created by
Rick Remender & Wes Craig

DEADLY CLASS™ #41. November 2019. Published by Image Comics, Inc.
Office of publication: 2701 NW Vaughn St., Ste. 780, Portland, OR 97210.
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Cover A art by
WES CRAIG
Cover B art by
ANTONIO FUSO



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JANUARY 3RD, 1989 SAN FRANCISCO

LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS OLD.

EVERYONE I'VE EVER KNOWN WAS OLD TOO, EVEN PEOPLE WHO DIED YOUNG.

I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF FROM FIXATING ON THE TUBES THAT WENT INTO THEIR WRINKLED THROATS, POROUS NOSES, AND WITHERED MOUTHS TO HELP THEM STAY ALIVE.

A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, WHO I'D NEVER MET BEFORE, TOLD ME HE'D WASTED HIS TIME WHEN HE WAS STILL YOUNG, BEFORE HIS SKIN TURNED GRAY, BEFORE THEY PUT THE TUBES IN.

HE NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IT WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM.

HE WONDERED IF WE WERE WE ALL JUST DELUDED WE'D STAY YOUNG.

IMAGINING OUR THOUGHTS AND DREAMS IN THE PRESENT HELD ANY WEIGHT ON THE FUTURE.

HE WONDERED IF ANYONE WAS STILL ALIVE WHO REMEMBERED THE JITTERBUG? DID THEY GET UPSET WHEN PEOPLE GOT DETAILS ABOUT IT WRONG?

TOTALLY MISREMEMBERING WHAT IT MEANT TO THE KIDS DOING IT.

AND, IF SO... WHY? WHY DID IT MATTER THAT IT HAD BEEN LOST?

I TOLD HIM IT WAS BECAUSE THEY NEVER IMAGINED IT WOULD BE.

BUT ALL OF THE THINGS THAT MATTER TO EACH GENERATION ARE MISREMEMBERED OR WHOLLY ERASED BY THE NEXT.

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS SOME SORT OF GENERAL STAMP OF THE THINGS THAT MADE THE BIGGEST NOISE, AND AS WE ALL KNOW, THOSE ARE USUALLY NOT THE THINGS THAT MATTER THE MOST.

JUST THE THINGS THAT MATTER TO THE MOST AMOUNT OF PEOPLE.

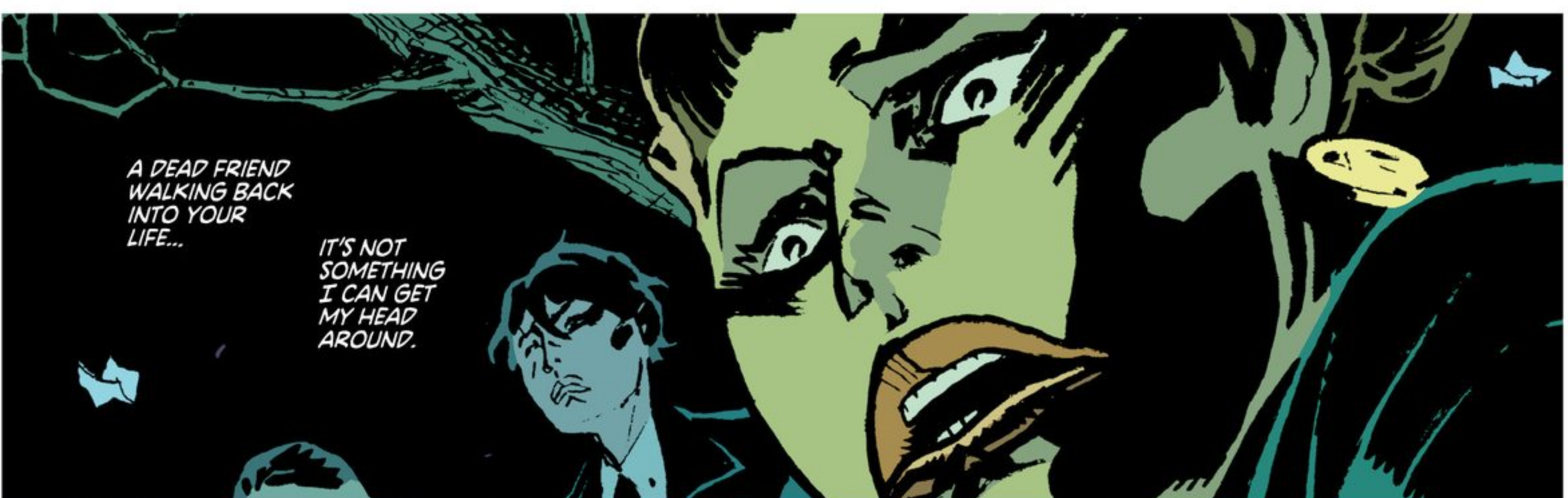
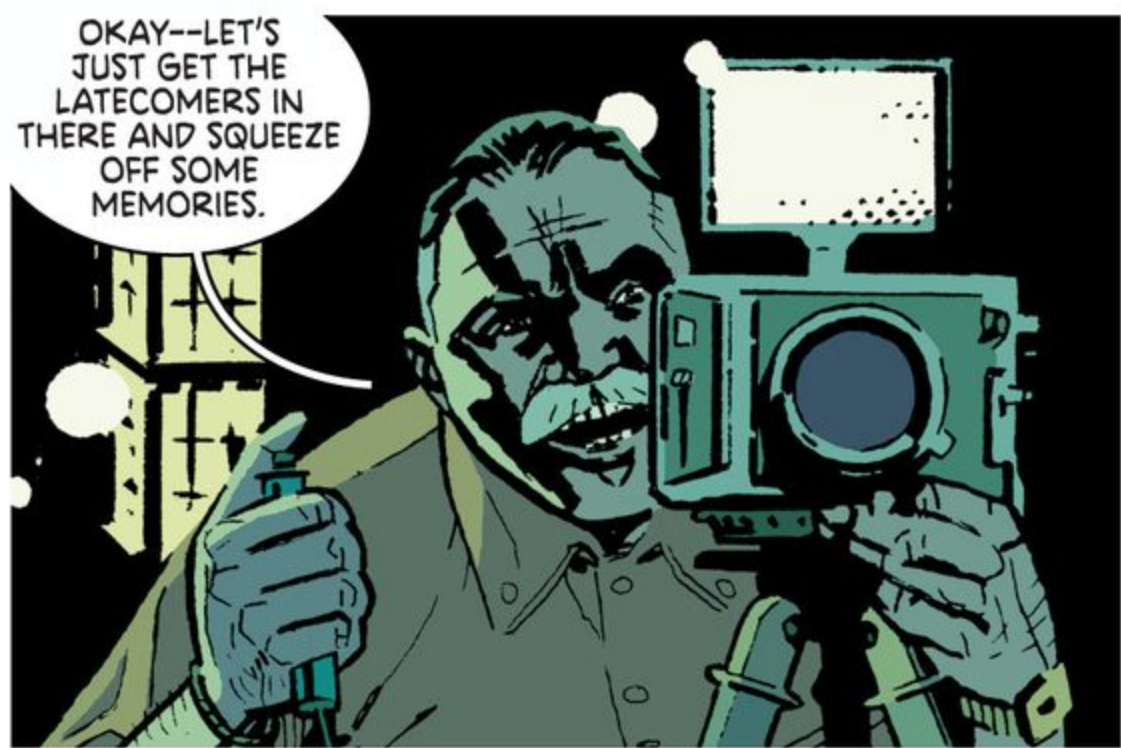
THERE'S A SMITHS SONG WHERE MORRISSEY SAYS "TIME'S TIDE WILL SMOTHER YOU," AND IT WILL.

IT'LL ERASE ALL THE DETAILS AND WHAT IT MEANT TO THE PEOPLE IT AFFECTED.

I TOLD HIM THE NEXT GENERATION HAS NO OPTION BUT TO BURY IT.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR WHATEVER DOOMED CAUSES THEY'LL WATCH BURIED NEXT.







SAYA'S MORE THAN A FRIEND.

SHE'S A PROBLEM.

AND SHE'S NOT PART OF THE PLAN.

BUT MARIA WON'T TALK ABOUT THAT.



SAYS THAT I'M BEING A SELF-CENTERED ASSHOLE.

SAYS OUR FRIEND IS ALIVE AND THE ONLY THING TO FEEL IS HAPPY.

SHE SPENT ALL DAY REMINDING ME THAT SAYA IS ON THE OUTS WITH LIN FOR SAVING MY LIFE.



THAT SHE CAN'T FIX HER FAMILY WITHOUT VALEDICTORIAN.

INSTEAD SHE RETURNS AS A RAT.

IN DANGER.



A LOT, ACTUALLY.

WHICH I LIKE.

MARIA HAD TO MAKE SAYA HER PLEDGE TO RETURN THE FAVOR.

FOR ME.

FOR KEEPING ME ALIVE.



BUT FUCK THAT.

IT'S A BIT MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.



SAYA SAVED MY LIFE. FINE. OKAY.

BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET WHO SHE LET DIE.



CHEESE!



JANUARY 6TH

AVOIDED MARIA ALL DAY YESTERDAY.

CAN'T DEAL WITH HER.

SHE WANTS TO FUCK IT ALL UP, FINE.

DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M FIGHTING FOR.

AND ALL THE CUTS AND BRUISES JUST ADD UP TO ONE BIG FESTERING WOUND. NOTHING I DID HELPED.

TOLD MYSELF IT'S BECAUSE WHAT I NEED DOESN'T EXIST IN THIS WORLD.

BUT I'M STARTING TO WONDER, WHAT IF IT'S MY OWN DEPRESSION THAT MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND? THAT MAKES IT ALL THE WORSE, BECAUSE IF THAT'S TRUE...



...THEN THE ONLY PERSON I CAN BLAME IS MYSELF.

IF I'D TRIED A BIT HARDER TO BE NORMAL, STOPPED IMAGINING THAT EVERYONE ELSE HAS IT WRONG, WHERE WOULD I BE?

THE NEGATIVE FILTERS I CHOSE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO SEE ANY OF THE POSITIVE THINGS.

BUT WHEN WE GOT BACK, WHEN I PRETENDED TO TURN THEM OFF...



...I COULD SEE.

SEE THAT I'M DRAWN TO THE SIREN'S SONG BLARING FROM THE DISCOTHEQUE OF FAILURE AND REJECTION BECAUSE THEY REAFFIRM HOW I SEE MYSELF. A SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY.

HOW DID I EVER GET THE IDEA THAT PEOPLE EARN WHAT THEY GET IN THIS WORLD ANYWAY?

THAT A FAIR AND JUST SYSTEM EXISTS TO REWARD THE INDUSTRIOUS?



THAT'S SO CLEARLY NOT TRUE.

ANSWERS TO DELUCA'S MIDTERM TEST.

YOU'RE THE BEST.

POLITICKING AND PANDERING AND SMILING AND HANDSHAKING AND CREATING HUNDREDS OF HOLLOW ALLIES IS THE TRUE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

THEY THINK I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR THEM NOW, SO I'M WORTH BEFRIENDING.

AND MAYBE THAT'S FINE.



MAYBE AS SOON AS YOU STOP SEEING THAT...





DEAR JOURNAL, GO
FUCK YOURSELF.

I'M SO TIRED OF ALL THIS
BORING ISOLATED, SAD SACK,
RECLUSE, KNOW-IT-ALL,
DEPRESSIVE GARBAGE.



I GOT IT ALL WRONG.

MY ATTITUDE GOT ME HERE.

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO FIX IT.



HOLA,
MR.
POPULAR.

MMWA!

GOING OUT
TONIGHT.



WANNA
COME?

WITH
WHO?



STEFANO'S
GETTING US V.I.P.
AT CLUB CHE.

IT'S THE
DOPEST
SCENE RIGHT
NOW.

C'MON
MARCUS,
IT'LL BE
FUN!



I CAN'T. BIG
DELUCA TEST
TOMORROW...

THOUGHT
YOU WERE
GETTING A
CHEAT
SHEET.

NO
ONE COULD
SCORE.



GO.
HAVE
FUN.

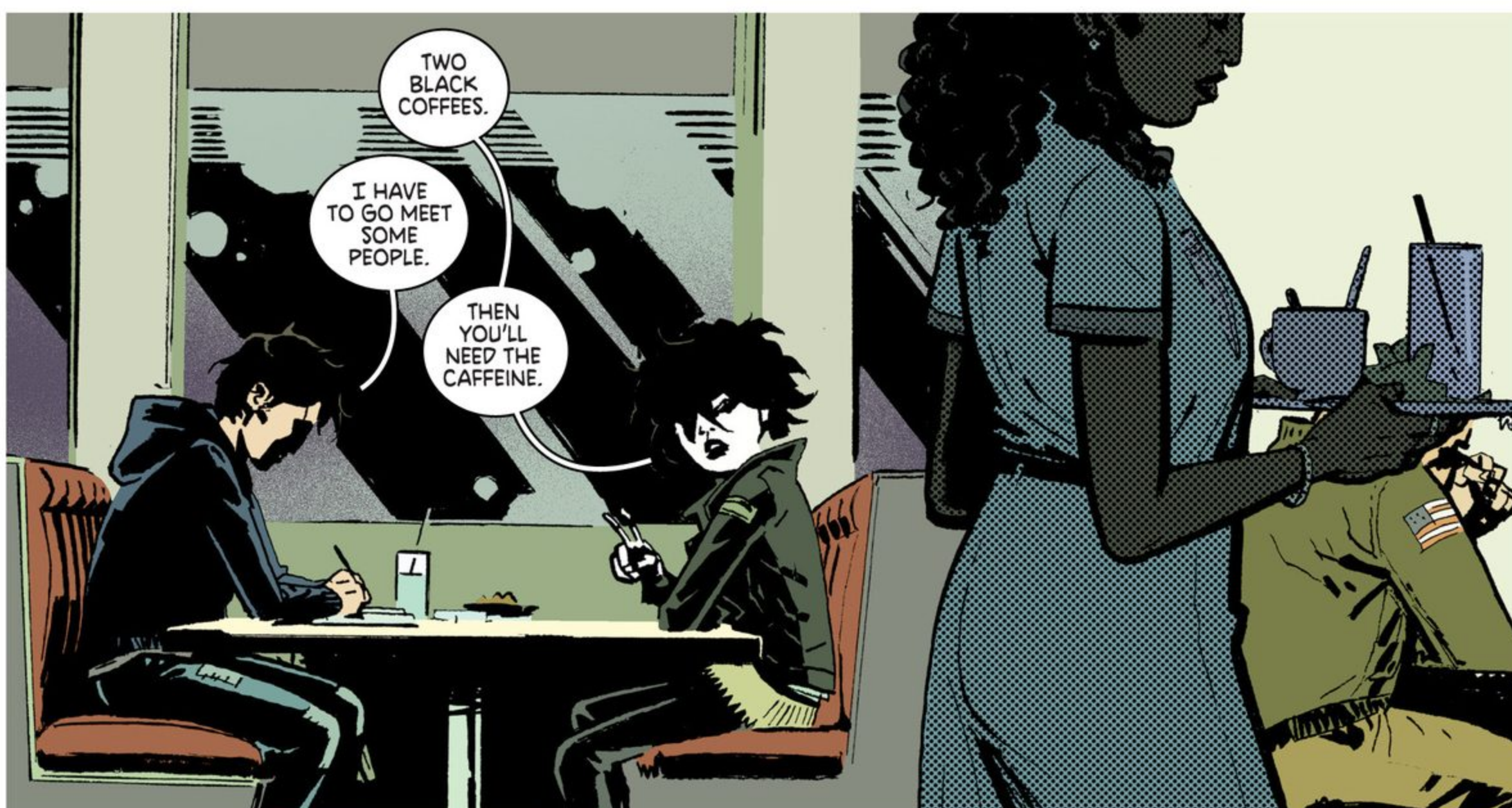
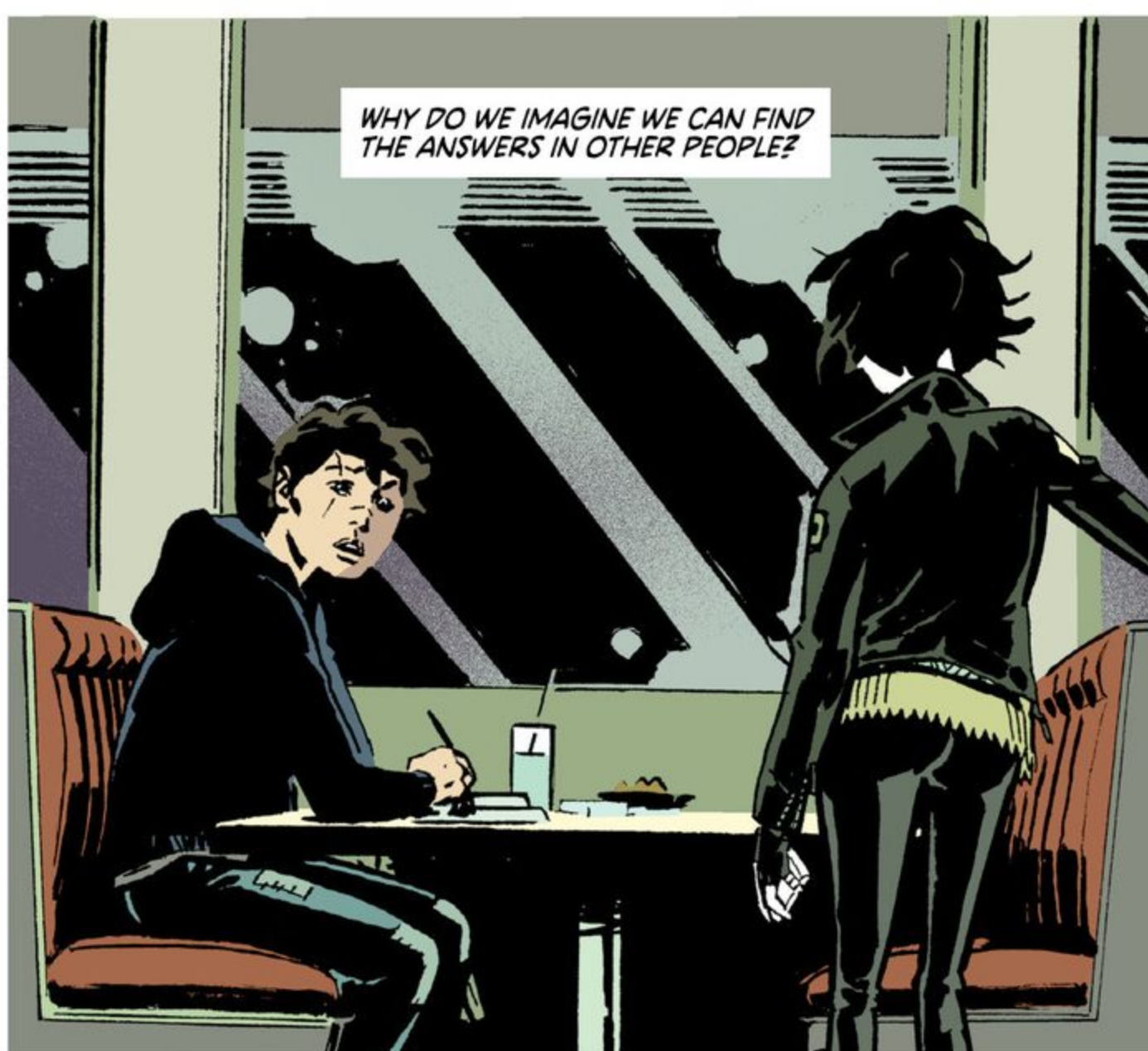
YOU
SURE?

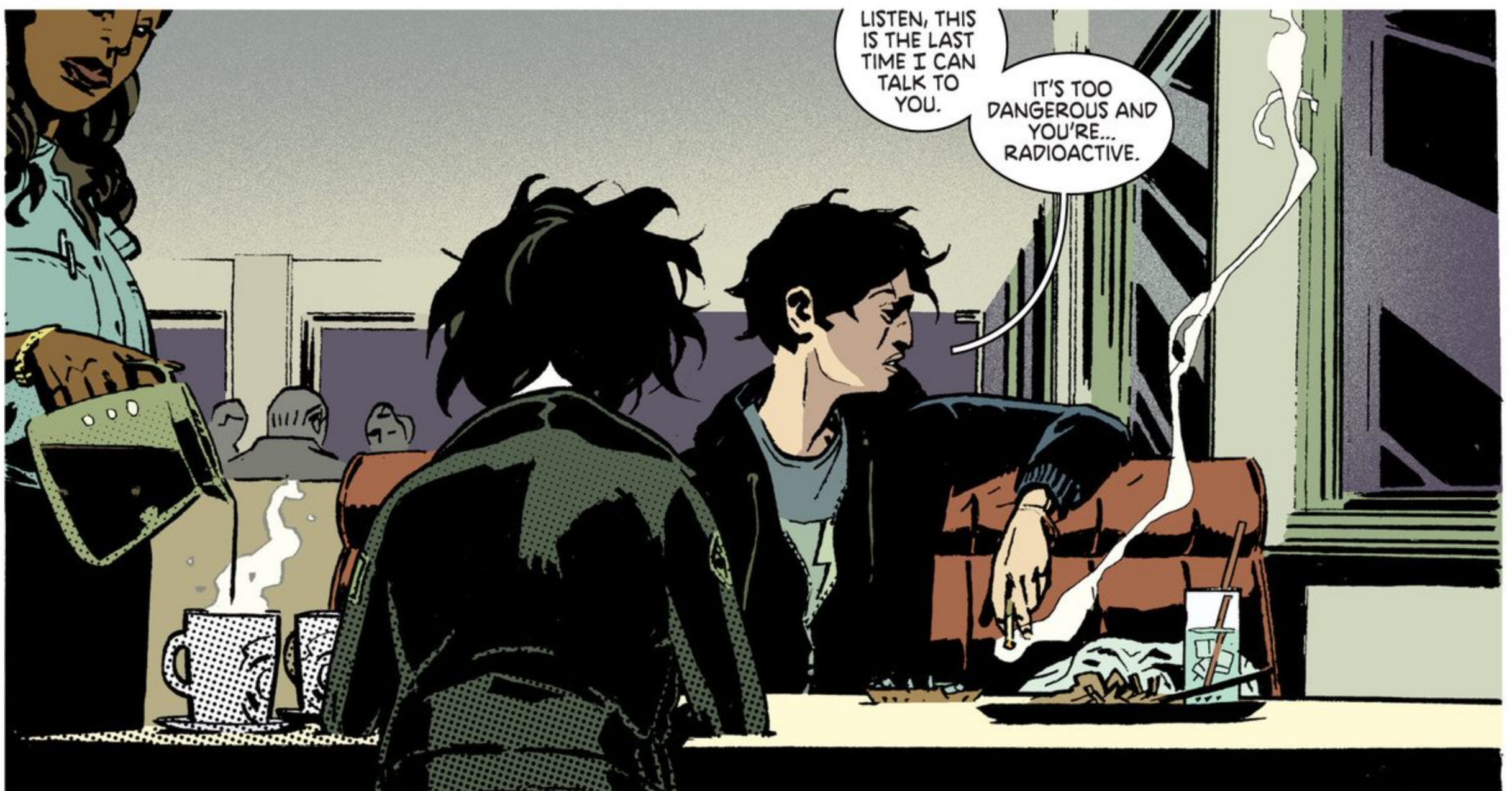
YEAH.



I'M
SURE.

DELUCA
MIDTERM
ANSWERS















SHE
HATES ME.
GIVES ME TWICE
AS MUCH
HOME-
WORK.

WHY DON'T
YOU SAY
SOMETHING?

I'M NOT THE
COMPLAINING
TYPE.



THE SQUEAKY
WHEEL GETS ALL
THE GREASE,
JAYLA. THAT'S,
LIKE, A LAW.

IT
ALSO GETS
REPLACED
EVENTUALLY.

GRANDPA
JOE IN CHARLIE
AND THE
CHOCOLATE
FACTORY.

WHAT
ABOUT
HIM?



HE LIES IN BED
COMPLAINING AND
BEGGING FOR
TOBACCO.

HE CAN'T
GET OUT OF BED
TO HELP FEED THE
STARVING FAMILY, BUT
HE CAN MAGICALLY
GET UP TO GO SEE A
COOL CHOCOLATE
FACTORY.

WHY DO PEOPLE
CATER TO
COMPLAINERS?



YOU'RE
ALL OOMPA
LOOMPAS TO
JONATHAN
STILTS.



ROALD DAHL WAS A
DICK. HE DEFENDED
HITLER FOR USING
THE JEWS AS A
SCAPEGOAT.

GREAT.
ANY OTHER
BIT OF MY
CHILDHOOD
YOU WANT TO
DESTROY,
SAM?

DISNEY? A
TOTAL NAZI
SYMPATHIZER,
MATE.



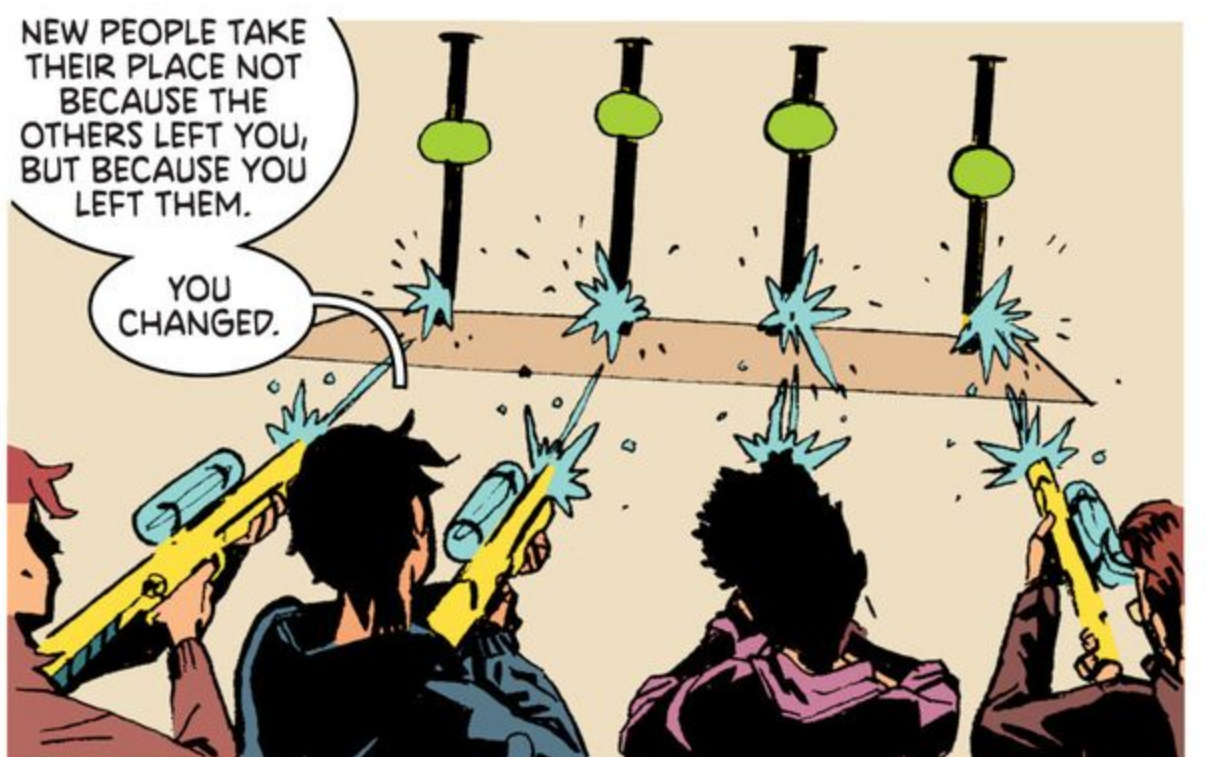
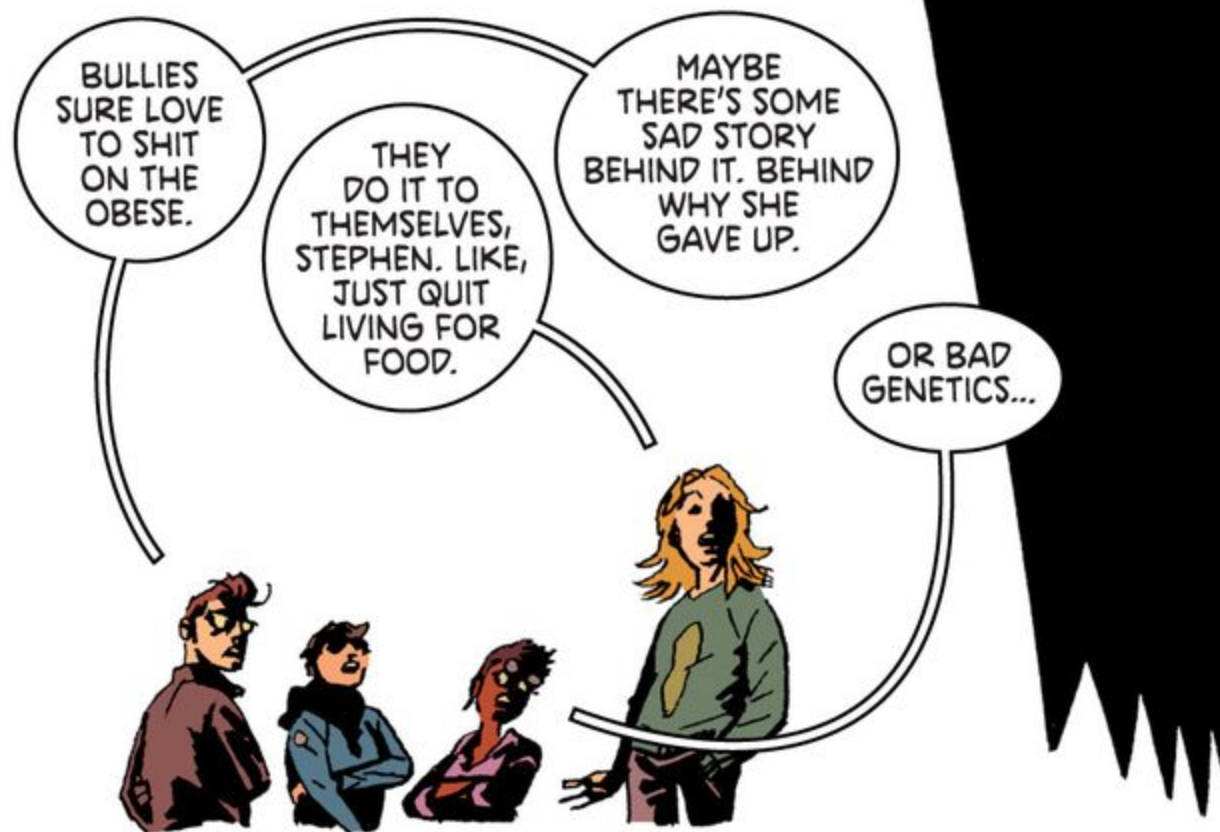
STEP
RIGHT
UP!

ALL I
WAS
TRYING
TO SAY
IS--



LITTLE GERT

GIT AN
EYEFULL OF
GARGANTUAN
GERT, THE
FATTEST WOMAN
ALIVE!







OR WE
ABSORB THE
BRUNT OF
THEIR
CYNICISM.

RIGHT. WE
CHANGE. WE
CHANGE INTO
THEM.

TO
BECOME
COOL.

THE ONLY
SUREFIRE WAY
TO GO COLD
TURKEY IS A
HUGE CLICHE
BUT--



--BE
YOURSELF.

DO
WHAT YOU
WANT.

SPEAK
YOUR TRUE
MIND.



AND NEVER
ALLOW CURRENT
FASHION TO DICTATE
WHAT YOU THINK,
WHAT YOU WEAR,
WHAT YOU LISTEN
TO, WHO YOU
ARE...



...OR HOW
YOU TREAT
YOURSELF.



THINK WE
FOUND
'EM.

JAYLA,
QUIZ
TIME.



...WITH THAT SAID,
SENATOR ZIEGLER, WHAT IS
YOUR RESPONSE TO THE
RISING *ALLEGATIONS* IN
REGARD TO YOUR
PRIVATE LIFE?

THE KEY
WORD IS
ALLEGATIONS.

BECAUSE
THAT'S
EXACTLY
WHAT THEY
ARE.

A TWELFTH
YOUNG
WOMAN HAS
STEPPED
FORWARD--



PAID
TO LIE.

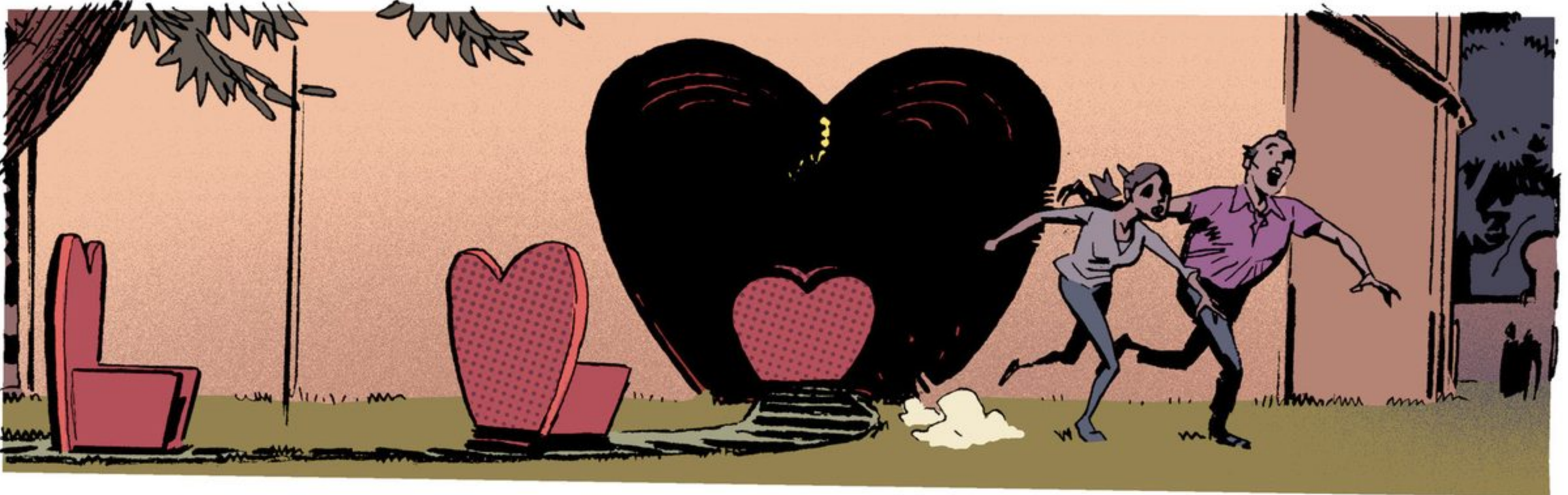
I'M A SIMPLE MAN,
TAKING THE FIGHT TO
BIG GOVERNMENT AND
CORPORATE LOBBYISTS.
I HAVE POWERFUL
ENEMIES, AND THEY
CAN'T SHUT
ME UP.

SO, THEY
FABRICATE
STORIES TO
DEFAME
ME.

IT'S
LAUGHABLE.









TO BE CONTINUED...

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Send comments and questions to
[WriteRemender@gmail.com!](mailto:WriteRemender@gmail.com)
Mark letters "OK to print".

Hey. How are you all doing today? Thank you for going out into the world to buy our comic book. Not many people do that sort of thing anymore. Go out to a store to buy something physical. Things really do have more value when you have to go to a shop, maybe talk to someone, exchange money with a human, and carry your new art back home. I guess this is where Gen X get to become the stodgy old folks talking about days of yore, but I used to go out every Wednesday, first to the comic shop, then to the record store (Zia in AZ, then Amoeba when I lived in LA and San Francisco) and chat up the folks working there. They always turned me on to new stuff, and I'd also spend hours drifting around looking at comics and vinyl/tapes/CDs.

Once a month, I'd trade in a bunch of comics and tapes/CDs and grab up a pile of stuff I'd never heard of with the trade credit. Those piles were treasure troves, and even if I only found a gem or two out of each pile, the gems were wholly magic. Great new music or comics I found through total random chance. I still hold a lot of that stuff close to my heart.

But I don't do that anymore. Work, family, life, agoraphobia, digital addiction... lots of excuses. But I'm glad to know you're still out there. Still getting your hands on tactile art. Unless you bought this digitally. Or had it mail ordered to you. Then you are among nature's greatest monsters and you can take no part in

ART BY MAX SISCO



this praise. Mail order can, a bit, I guess.

I kid. No matter how you support the book, it's appreciated. You're all equal in my eyes.

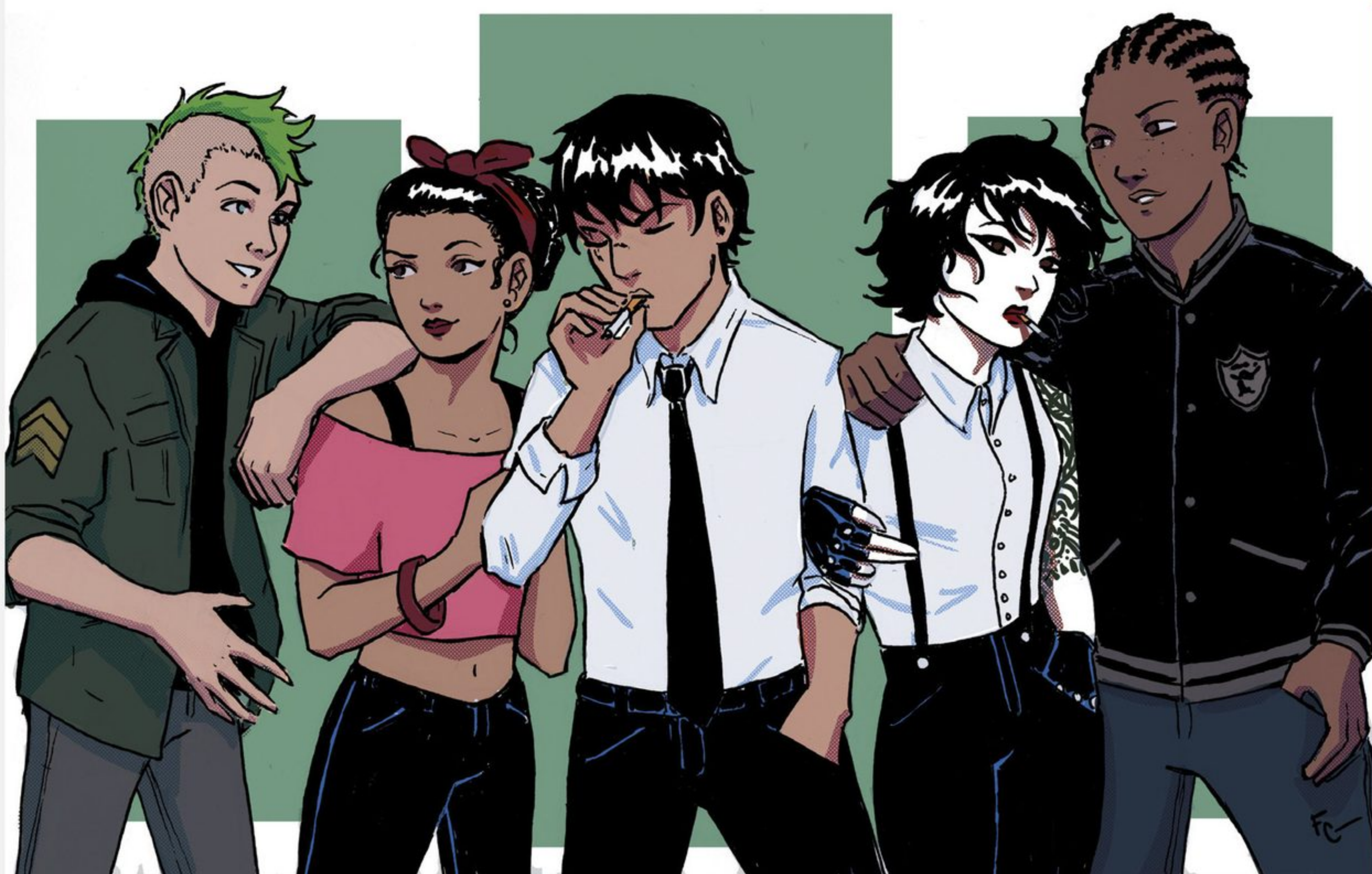
Anyway. Enough of grandpa Remender daydreaming about licorice sticks and penny whizzers from the 5 and dime. Let's do some letters and go home. Unless you're already home. Then go out. But it's pretty scary out there. I don't know what the right move is.

Mr. Remender,
I've just started painting regularly and this portrait of Saya is one of my first paintings ever! Love DEADLY CLASS and can't wait for the next issue!

Sincerely,
Max Sisco

We love getting art more than anything. Really great work on this!

ART BY FRANKIE CARRENO
INSTAGRAM @FRANKIECARRENO



Rick,
Since I'm sending you some art, I thought I'd also thank you for writing such an awesome comic! The first volume came out when I was still in high school, and it was the first comic I had read with a Latino lead, which was pretty exciting for me. Strangely, Marcus is my doppelganger, so when I post art of him there's always some confusion and people thinking I'm a narcissist, but that's life sometimes—you wait for someone who looks like you in a comic and the universe takes it literally. I also wanted to thank you for complimenting some of my art on Instagram. It's always nice to get feedback from the creators, so it's really cool that you're active on there.

Looking forward to wherever DEADLY CLASS goes,
Frankie Carreno

Really nice work. Marcus is a lot of stuff I felt and thought back in the '80s, and he's a ton of stuff that is entirely fictional that I have no connection with. It's interesting to mix those two things and see the distorted prism effect. Hopefully there is enough relatable stuff in there to make him identifiable, even though he's a depressive assassin. A lot of other stuff about him is unlikable by design, we still don't know exactly what he has planned...

To Rick, Wes, and the whole crew:

You guys are awesome. I'm not huge into comics, but I discovered the TV series first and wanted to see how the pages compared. I'm so glad I did, because these books are

the best. When Marcus was shanked by Saya, I thought to myself, "No way, he was supposed to grow old and have a herpes-ridden family!" I've been plowing through the DEADLY CLASS books, just finished #26, and I actually shouted "Fuck yes!!!!" when he came back to rescue Maria. Reading thru some of the Dead Letter Office feedback regarding y'all's choice to do the TV adaptation, I am so fucking glad you guys did it because I probably never would've discovered this amazing mountain of creative work you guys have compiled.

Side note, I did my time as an infantryman in the Marines, did the whole Afghan combat shindig, and I know firsthand about violence, death, and loss. The DEADLY CLASS series brings a bittersweet

tingle to my heart with every page. Oftentimes humor and tragedy go hand in glove as a way to cope, and my Marine buddies and I grew to adopt a pretty dark sense of humor that most civilians just don't understand. But you my friend, you get it. I'm excited to read the rest of DEADLY CLASS so I can move on to your other work on my to-read list. Keep rockin' on you awesome motherfuckers!

Much love from your new fan,
Joe A

First off, thank you for your service. I certainly cope with the horrors of the world through humor, and find it much healthier than most other mechanisms. We can't stop it, being dour and self-serious isn't going to erase it, so ironic sardonic and satirical goggles help me endure it. It's nice to hear from people who found us through the show—it helps take away the bitter sting for sure.

Next issue is the beginning of the big changes to come. It's not just the beginning, it's the thing. It all starts to go down. You won't want to miss it.

See you in a month,
Rick

ART BY
BERNIE COOKE
INSTAGRAM
@BERNIECOOKECOMICART

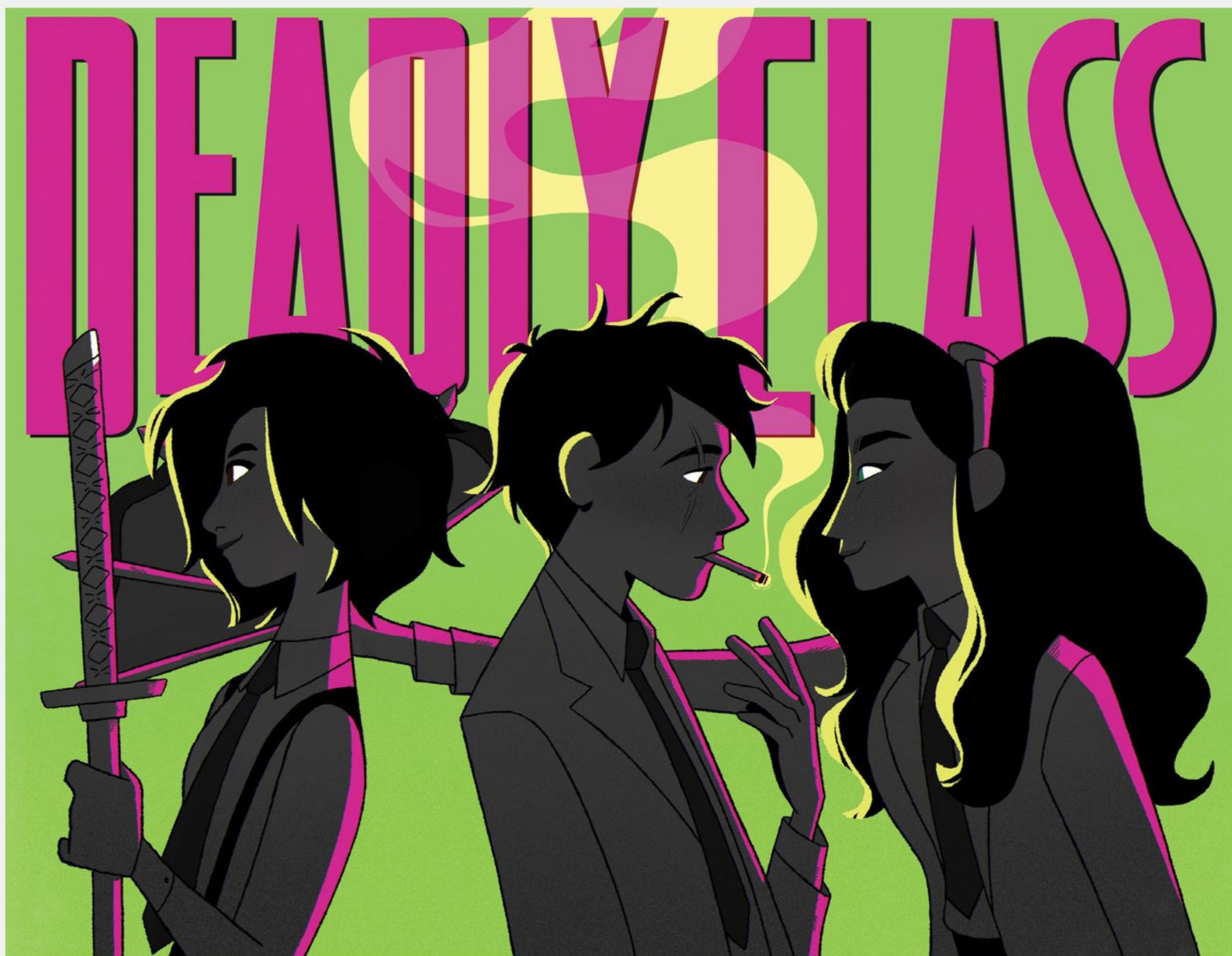


THE DEADLY ARTS

We welcome your fanart! Send them with the email marked "OK TO PRINT" to: WriteRemender@gmail.com.

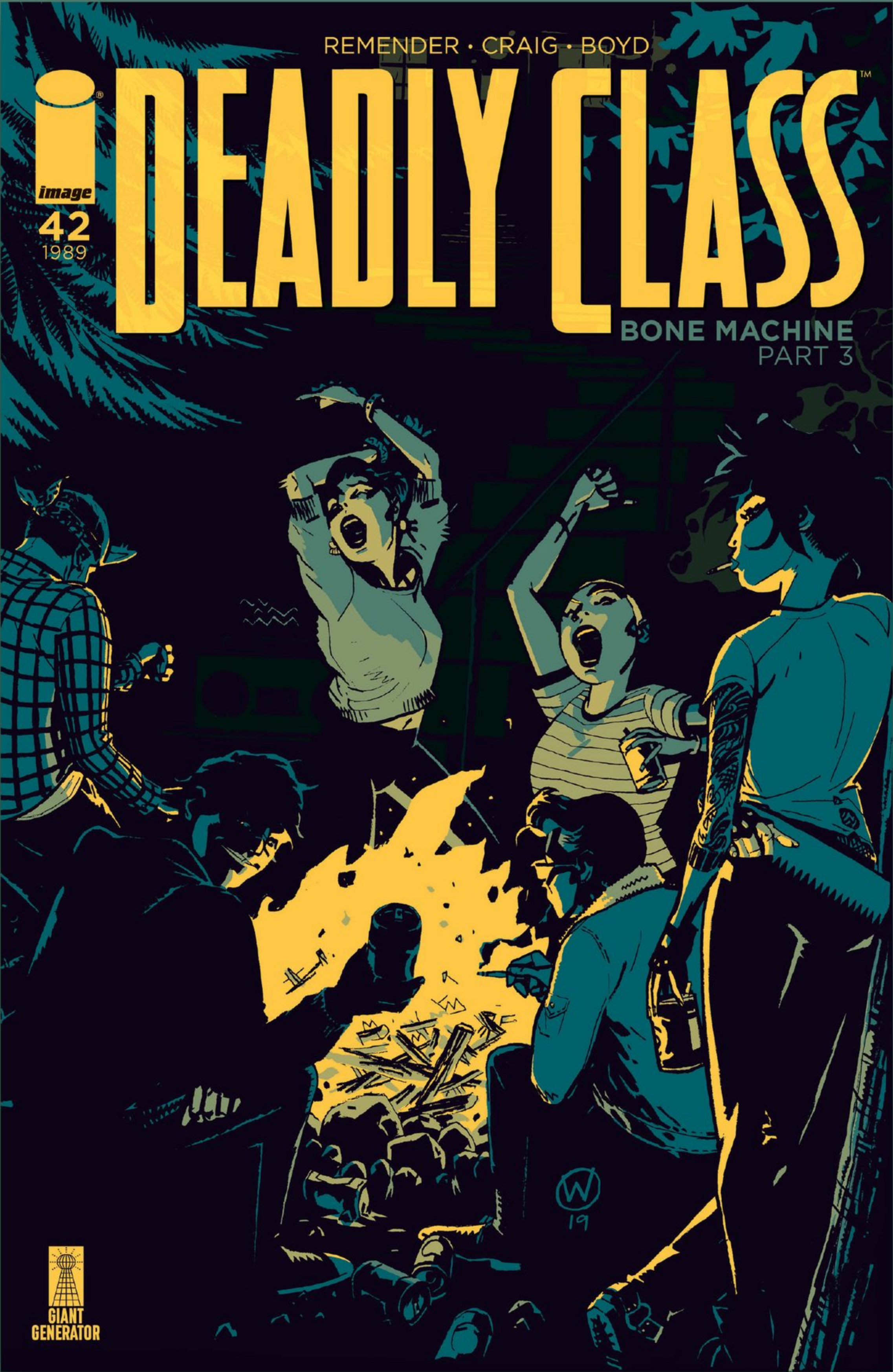


ART BY WENDELL ALVARADO



ART BY ARIANA GARCÍA
TWITTER @SENIORITATEJON

NEXT ISSUE





RATED M/MATURE